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NARRATIVE,

RESPECTING THE CONDUCT OF THE

British.

FROM THEIR FIRST LANDING ON KENDUSKEAG ISLAND,

TILL THEIR RETREAT TO BAYNE DE GRACE,

WITH THOSE MATERIAL CIRCUMSTANCES RELATIVE THEREUNTO,
UPON THE CORRECT TESTIMONY OF RESPECTABLE
CHARACTERS, WHO PASSED THROUGH ALL
THE TRYING SCENES.

Together with the names of sufferers, and the amount of property supposed to be lost by each individual.

Including also

THEIR VISIT TO THE ELK AND SASSAFRAS, WITH AUTHENTIC
DOCUMENTS COLLECTED IN THESE PLACES.

BY A CITIZEN OF BAYNE DE GRACE.

BALTIMORE,

PRINTED BY P. MAURO.

1813.

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By [illegible]
[illegible]
Jan. 1915.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this tenth day of June, in the thirty-seventh year of the independence of the United States of America, James L. Wilson, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following to wit,

"Narrative respecting the conduct of the British, from their first "landing on Rhode Island, till their progress to Bound Brook, with "every matter of consequence relating thereto, upon the current testimony "of respectable characters who passed through all the trying scenes. To-"gether with the names of the sufferers, and the amount of property sup-"posed to be lost by each individual. Including some daily visit in the "city and Sundays, with authentic documents collected in those places."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned," and also to the act entitled, "An act supplementary to that act, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving, and Etching historical and other Prints.

PHILIP BOWLES,
Clerk of the District of Maryland.

GENERAL T. M. FORMAN.

FROM the purest motives of regard, from a long acquaintance with you from your youth up, your father's intimate and companion, and experiencing many happy days of social intercourse in your family. Recognizing your early service in the revolutionary war; and that you passed through many trying scenes in that eventful period: Happy to find you still in the land of the living, and that a gracious Providence has lengthened your day, in a world of vicissitude, to prosperity and honors. Happy in the esteem of your fellow-citizens, obtained by deeds of public utility, as their general and commander in chief in the district where I reside, and which has recently suffered great devastations from a cruel and relentless enemy; the following sheets are respectfully presented. It is a tale of woe, produced under sufferings, which generous minds are ever alive to; you will, therefore, be pleased to receive it as an offering of disinterested esteem, and thereby confer the highest remuneration on the feeble efforts of one, who is willing to render good in the cause of truth and humanity.

Your fellow-citizen,

THE AUTHOR.

Harford, June, 4th, 1813.

NARRATIVE

RESPECTING THE CONDUCT OF THE

British,

I HAVE been living in Havre de Grace for more than twelve months past. For the first six months I resided at Mr. Mansfield's tavern. After this, from mere accident, being at the waters of the Abingdon Springs, I took up my abode on my return with Mrs. Sears, the Columbian inn, where I resided till the day of the attack by the British on Havre de Grace, the ever memorable third of May, and was among the last that went out of the town amidst the dangers of death from the implements of warfare in every direction. It was my intention to have staid in town in hope of being instrumental to do good. I mentioned this to Mrs. Sears, previous to the attack, and was among several, who advised her to continue with her property, as the most probable means to save it. But the shot and the shells reaching the house from the boats, there appeared no place of safety but going into the cellar, and there certain death would have ensued from the general ruin, as it so turned out. I slept soundly the night previous, and never heard a circumstance of the event, till two officers came in the room where I lodged to call their comrades. They instantly got up and departed. I went to the window next to the water, hoisted it, and saw one of the barges firing. I dressed myself and placed all my clothing and papers under the bed, supposing I might return, but when I got down stairs and passing out at the back yard, the door was open, a full volley of cannister shot appeared to fall in every direction, I then went into Mrs. Sears's kitchen-yard, and her little son Edward, begged me to wait for his Mamma, who was dressing. I requested him to expedite her as we

were in much danger; but scarcely had I pronounced these words, than another volley was poured forth. I then found myself under the inperious necessity to pass on to the stable, supposing moresecurity, and finding that Mrs. Sears was under the protection of one of the young Dr. Sappington's, as I supposed him to be, I continued the course of the river to Mr. Mansfield's tavern, and passed direct from thence to the heights, a little above the farm of Mr. Dutton, brother to Mrs. Sears. The large shot and shells or rockets from their *whizzing* frequently passed beyond me; on this height I took my station, and saw the first of the conflagration. It commenced at the house of a Mr. Tucker, an Englishman by birth, and an ingenious mechanic by trade. I am inclined to think he lost nearly his all, and a great part of his valuable tools, by profession a carpenter, but ingenious in most things he undertook. Certainly his loss must be great, and cannot be computed less than $1200. The next house in the list of sufferings was Mrs. Phillips, the mansion it is true, belonged to Mr. Jay, but the entire of her furniture, new and elegant, was all consumed with all her wearing apparel, and some property belonging to her brother, an officer in the service of the United States, a lieutenant on board of the frigate Essex.

It appears that the brother had deposited an elegant gold watch with a considerable sum of money in his sister's hands for safe-keeping, and in case of his not returning, then, as a legacy to his infant niece, daughter and only child of Mrs. Phillips. Her loss altogether could not be less than $2000. The enemy next proceeded to the ferry houses or taverns, and destroyed the stables and buildings attached. The ferry boat on Mr. Manfield's side they took off, but touched nothing on the opposite shore. From what cause this happened I do not undertake to say, as it is generally supposed they were acquainted with all situations. The loss generally as well they as individually must be very great, not less to the proprietors, Mr. Stokes and Mr. Ringold's, than $6000 each and at least near half as much to the tenants, Mrs. Sears and Mr. Mansfield. The houses both were well kept in every respect, and the traveller found every possible advantage in the competition, for both, thereby endeavoured to please, and I verily believe, both were meritorious in their vocation. The next mansion consumed was the aged and gallant Capt. Benet Barnes, whose name

will be found among the little band of Spartan heroes on this occasion. His fisheries and stable fortunately were spared, but the Captain's loss altogether could not be less than $1000. All the conflagrations related, I saw with mine own eyes from the heights where I stood, but for the particulars of other relations I must depend upon the testimony of others; men who were in the midst of the disasters, and on whose veracity the strictest confidence may be relied.

I did see from the heights, the British drawn up contiguous to the Church, supposed to be about 150 in number. I heard the drum distinctly beat, and saw from the reflection of the sun, the glittering of their arms. From hence they discharged some Rockets and sent out small parties with prepared combustible to fire the town. The first step was plunder without distinction, the next conflagration without delay. Some few characters had address and pliability enough to save their houses, but none altogether their property, even the accomplished Mrs. Boyce, with all her address with the Amiral Cockburn, lost some of her elegant trifles such as a new silk dress prepared for a journey. But she has great merit in being serviceable to others, and the protection of their houses, and all those neat and substantial buildings belonging to young Mr. Brown, who is worthy, and a friend to the destitute. Before I left the heights, I saw several dwellings in flames but from the smoke collected in the atmosphere could not distinctly discover whose they were, several of the Runaways, had by this time collected near where I stood with their Muskets complete, also some Horse who came from Annapolis after deserters. They were early in flight, before I left Mrs. Sears where they had put up. About this time there was a report of the British having reached Mr. Pringles' seat, which afterwards I found to be true. This rumour created a retrograde movement in all present, but in the wood passing to Col. Hughes' a halt was called. I proceeded on, conceiving myself of no use, and being destitute where to put my head, I continued my route and got into the Post Road about three quarters of a mile below Mr. Pringles' residence. Here I fell in with the stage Passengers who had escaped from Mrs. Sears after the shot passed into the house. They informed me they had lost all their bagage, and a Lady from George Town

had suffered considerable having a large stock of Millenary. The Gentlemen told me they had come from Col. Hughe's, where it was deemed not prudent to tarry long. The road was filled with the flying distressed, women and children, half dressed, in every direction, not knowing where to go to or what to do, having been stripped of their all. It is stated by Mr. Goldsborough who was at Mr. Pringles' at this time, that Mr. Wm. Pinkney Junr. on seeing the advance of the British hoisted a flag, which had the desired effect, for it was the means of saving this elegant mansion. Both at Mr. Pringles' and Col Hughes', a number of respectable Ladies of the Town, had fled out of the way of the flames, and as places of greater security. In the hour of distress the mind is glad to seek any place that looks like safety and fortunately for all, they experienced a personal asylum, tho' most had been great sufferers in the conflagration. I reached Bush a little before dinner time, and as I had not tasted any thing that day, I was, from fatigue greatly exhausted. Here I again met some of the same Passengers, and after dining together, I proceeded on; and reached my ever hospitable and consoling friend, Major I. B. Howard, whose charming villa is situated on the Fork of Gun Powder, commanding a most extensive view of the River and Bay, and even the eastern side of the State. I was to the family the first Herold of the dismal news, tho' the firing in the morning was heard from this spot. The next day Capt Edward Howard, brother to the major, went up to Havre de Grace to collect more particular information. He returned the same evening, and represented many particulars, that happened after I left the neighbourhood, and that affairs were not near so bad as first supposed to be. That a Mr. Jarret and some others had gone in with a flag, and prevented a continuance of the destruction. That Mrs. Sears' friends had saved several of her beds, and others, some small part of the remnant which had escaped pillage or conflagration. I continued with Mr. Howard till Friday, when I proceeded on to Baltimore in hope of meeting with some immediate employ that might relieve me in my trying situation. I must for ever recognize the remembrance of this worthy family, who always appear feelingly alive to my troubles; here I am sure to find a welcome reception in all vicissitudes. There is a friend that sticketh

closer than a brother; yes, than every connection; and this is that friend unto me. I reached the City the same evening, and left it on the 9th. day, I returned to Havre de Grace. I called at my acquaintance Messrs. Kilpatrick and Burnside, and was astonished to find the mutilated state of their store, and heard of the wanton depredations made, tho' the buildings escaped the flames after being set on fire. They were robbed and plundered in every direction and what the enemy did not take off, they rendered useless by every vile and cruel proceedure. In furniture, goods and groceries the loss from fair calculation could not be less than $2000. Thus at one blow, two worthy young men have experienced a reverse of fortune, so as to defeat all their fair hopes, and may eventually change their stand and plan of business. The destroying angel came as a thief in the night, with the besom of destruction; the ministers of wrath had no pity for merit or the afflictions of their fellow-men, but like fiends, as they were, indiscriminately involved all in one common state of ruin. I heard the different tales of woe from many during the course of the day; none but what had lost something, and very many had lost their all; so that the loss of the poor must be greater to them than the loss of the rich; for they have no money to buy more, no credit to obtain more, but the rich, in their losses, still have more; they will have friends; they will have credit.

Such is the fashion of this world! I that night took up my lodging at John O'Neil's who had gone to Baltimore. I was kindly received by his family, and I tarried a second night. The third day I procured a snug lodging at a neat little cottage at the foot of the mountain about north west of the town, and about a mile from the centre. Here I am engaged in putting on paper this narrative, and have called on a Mr. John Boyd, an Englishman, who resides in the last house nearest the water on the bay side, and directly opposite to Spesutia Island. My motive for this visit was to procure the best information, as his situation gave him superior advantage in this direction. He says the first appearance of the British in force, was about the 28th of April in the height of fishing time, and as there are several considerable fisheries on the Island many hands were engaged there in that business. That about the period stated, the British were seen coming a shore in

two barges, and on their approach, some of the fishermen took to a batteau wishing to get out of their way round the Island. Mr. Gallops' daughter happened to be there, and she got into the boat also to make her escape. The British in order to bring them to, fired at the boat. The men got a shore and ran from the young woman, who, it seems, was overtaken by the British, greatly terrified, as may reasonably be supposed. However, they behaved well on this occasion, and bid her not be alarmed, as no injury or insult should be offered to her. They enquired who she was, and on her information, they immediately sent her to her father.

Spesutia Island is the property of Mr. Wm. Smith of Baltimore. The Mr. Gallop's are his tenants, as is Mr. Gibson who lives on the main, contiguous to the Island, but he employs a Mr. Sappington as his manager. It appears that the British, after landing, placed sentinels in several directions and one strong guard at the narrows, the pass from the Island to the main. They appeared very peaceable and friendly with all. They laid injunctions on Mr Gallop and Mr. Sappington that they must not go off the Island upon any consideration, but that they and their property should be protected and they would pay for what was obtained. It seems the officers dined with the tenants, some at one house and some at another, and amused themselves with shooting and fishing. I understood they procured some supplies in vegetables, poultry and roasting pigs for which they made compensation. It seems on their landing on the Island, the elder son of Mr. Gibson came to Havede-garce and got permission from the commander, Col. Smith, to go on the Island, alledging that his father had some business with the aforesaid Mr. Sappington, his overseer. It appears that Mr. Gibson jun'r, was on the Island and had a conversation with Sappington. It also appears from statement, that Mr. Gibson had some cattle on the island, which fell into the hands of the British, for which he received compensation; and that a considerable quantity of cattle, sheep and some calves, were taken down to the water side, opposite to the island, with provender to feed, for which the OWNERS received sixteen dollars a head for the cattle generally, and three dollars a head for the sheep. That on their return from Havre, after their deeds of darkness and works of horror, they called at the island again, and made a general sweep

of stock wherever they could find it contiguous, and gave bills of exchange for this last act of their kindness to the good people below. It seemed not a little uncivil, and a want of impartiality, to shew such a contrast of behaviour in the same neighbourhood. To rob, pilfer, steal, and purloin the fatherless and widow, the aged and infirm, in one direction; and to pay for what they obtained, and protect the inhabitants, in another. The ways of Providence are dark and mysterious, but perhaps the above riddle may find a clue on the principles of self-love, and the want of "AMOR PATRIÆ." As the old saying is, to give the old one his due, they shewed no disposition to disturb the fisheries in any direction.

Their first hostile visit from the island was up the Elk. They proceeded in force to French town, which fell, like Havre-de-Grace, an easy prey. They there destroyed, as has been stated in the public prints, two valuable boats and two ware-houses, with a considerable quantity of goods, amounting to several thousand dollars. A Mr. Henderson was a principal sufferer. At Mrs. Pennington's they placed a guard, and she was secured. From some cause, some say they mistook the way, they did not reach Elkton, or they might have met with considerable resistance: Their policy appears to avoid all strong holds, and only to go where there is the least risk of loosing life or limb, and where there is the greatest prospect of plunder, and doing the most mischief among the defenceless and exposed inhabitants. On their return from the Elk, it seems that a gun from the battery in Havre-de-grace was fired; the fleet was then about ten miles distance, but a British brig immediately answered it; which they conceived as *a challenge*, as they afterwards declared on their landing in Havre-de-grace. Mr. Boyd further informs me, that he was the very first man who discovered the approach of the British, and gave the alarm to our sentinels, who were stationed near to his house. He says just at the dawn of day, he discovered four boats lying on their oars off the mouth of the river. That as soon as day was advancing the boats got under way and proceeded a little upwards towards the battery, but soon returned nearly to their former station. That the whole of the boats then appeared about sixteen in number, and made their landing at the Point, the four first boats continuing up the river, and kept up an incessant fire

with large cannon, shells, rockets, and musquetry; and the battery fired several guns at the barges, but, as he thinks, without effect. It soon, however, was silenced, and Mr. Webster, who lost his life, was on the retreat from the battery. Mr. Boyd pointed the spot to me, nigh unto Lucy's house, a woman of colour, where he fell. His death was occasioned from the effects of a rocket, which was afterwards taken up and is now to be seen in town, as one of their curious inventions of destruction. I am now brought to the testimony of persons immediately in the action, and though small in number, were great in spirit and enterprise. Mr Goldsborough was the man who fired the first, second and third gun, but discovering the British advancing, and that it was folly to contend without adequate force, and not being able to rally the militia, made good his retreat and hastened to his family to protect them and his property as far as he could. The enemy however set fire three times to Mrs. Rodger's house, where he resided, but it fortunately each time was extinguished, though they defaced and mutilated much valuable furniture, broke the windows and doors, and stole valuable clothing belonging to the Ladies and Mr. and Mrs. Goldsborough, who for personal safety had retreated to Mr. Pringle's with young Mr. Pinckney, but the gentlemen returned with the British officer to town, and by this means saved what was saved. While I am giving this detail it seems the gallant O'Neill, in spite of death and danger, was left *alone* at his gun in the battery, and was considerably bruised on his thigh by the recoiling of the gun, for *want of aid*. He now thought it time to attempt a retreat, and limped off as well as he could, for *running* was out of the question with him, he was so crippled by this accident, that he could not *run*, if so disposed. He, in this maimed condition, reached the nail factory, and from this strong hold, the little Spartan band made a noble resistance. The names are John O'Neil, Bennet Barnes, Christopher Levy, and his son William, and John M'Kinney. They fired many rounds of musketry, and must have done some injury. A British officer had taken a horse from Mr. Js. Wood of this town, but the horse was returned again. Here our chosen few found it necessary to retreat as they could, and John O'Neil was taken prisoner by the man on horseback. He had two muskets when made captive,

one was loaded, and he could have easily have shot the officer on horse back, but a file of British marines were very near, drawn up by the Church. The elder, Mr. Levy, was taken about this time, as was also Capt. Barnes, and one or two men. John O'Neil, Christopher Levy, James Sears, eldest son of Mrs. Sears, Capt. Whitefoot, and Ensign Hare were also made prisoners, as was one Whitloe an aged citizen. Most of the Prisoners they released while on shore, but John O'Neil, Christopher Levy, and James Sears they carried on board the fleet, and their situation was very distressing, the first night being exposed to rain in the forecastle of the vessel. The next day they fared better, and were taken before the admiral for examination Much pains were taken to find out O'Neill, and his release may be greatly attributed to the humour and conduct of Mr. Levy, who so far got the better of the officers and the crew, that his queerness and frankness had great influence in behalf of O'Neill, who was now brought sensibly to feel for others, his wife and children. But fortunately he is preserved for his adopted country, and thanks are due to honest old Levy for his manly exertions in his favour. The Levy's are hatters in this town, hard working, honest, industrious men, they saved their house, it is true, but then they were robbed of all their clothing, and in hats and fur, not less than $300.

John O'Neill's loss was about $120, and his house was three times set on fire, but was as often extinguished by a faithful, resolute young negro girl, belonging to Miss Polly M'Caskey. The girl's conduct on this day, in many respects, deserves lasting consideration. Her Mistress keeps a neat little shop in Havre de Grace, and has lately erected a comfortable small stone building: while in bed, an eighteen pounder passed through the wall where she lay. I saw the aperture and the ball; also she shewed me one of twelve pound, which was picked up on the premises. She in other respects received little or no damage. She lives in the rear of Mrs. Boyces, is a relative, and worthy of her fortunate escape. Mr. Stokes was considerable looser beside his ferry house and stables; the house where he resided was burnt. It was situated immediately adjoining the upper battery. The property belonged to Aquila Hall, but then the tenant lost considerable in furniture and other things. I have not learned the amount in

this direction, but it could not be less than $1000. The family mansion where his mother resided was also burnt, and I understand a considerable quantity of furniture and other valuable articles lost not less than $1500. A brick house belonging to the family, nearly opposite to Mrs. Rodgers', was also burnt, it must be worth 4 or $500. Mr. Pringle's spacious ware house, immediately on the water, was also burnt, containing a quantity of flour, the loss must be between 4 and $5000. The house where Richard Barnes lived, belonging to Mr. Jay, was also burnt, it must be worth $300. The family, in common with others, were pilfered of most of their effects. Mr Wareham, sadler, had his house and effects destroyed. He could not have lost less than $1500. Mr. M'Laughlin, though his house was saved, yet he was a great looser, and stripped almost of every thing; his loss could not be less than $300. In short, wherever the evil genius directed the steps of the enemy, either conflagration, robbery, waste and devastation were the consequence, and marked their steps. The midnight incendiary and assassin are terrible instruments in the hands of the evil one, but the furious manner in which the enemy acted towards almost all ranks of citizens, sparing the property of neither age nor sex, rendered them more like savages from the woods, than like civilized men, and especially to the ostensible "bulwarks of our holy religion," which teaches them better things, and to exercise humanity, even to the worst of enemies. "Bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh," but so it is, that it often happens that a man's worst foes are those of his own family or consanguinity. We certainly are the ofspring of Britons, but "*cui bono?*"

After the deeds of destruction were over, and the enemy had rendered himself conspicuous on the rolls of infamy, he proceeded up the river and within one mile of Stafford mills, burnt a ware house belonging to Mr. John Stump.

It was said to contain 500 barrels of flour so that the loss can not be supposed less than 4 or 5000 Dols. they returned down the river without opposition or without doing any more mischief, most of the craft had been previously scuttled, and unless they had wantonly assailed the defenceless inhabitants along the shores, they had little left to destroy. On their return they forced

along with them a son of Mr. Wood to pilot them to Col. Hughes' furnace, called Principio works, on the cecil side. The barges could come within half a mile of the furnace. It seems they landed and soon destroyed the works, spiked and mutilated the cannon, burnt the bridge and a mill on their return, for which it seems, they shewed some compunction, but it was too late, the deed was done, and the fire could not be consumed. The enemy now glutted with plunder, conflagration, and pilfer and making as I before observed a general sweep of stock about Spesutia, they, to the no small joy of the inhabitants of Havre de Grace, at least, proceeded down the bay. The people at Joppa were much alarmed about the mills, and at the great falls of Gun Powder, as also at Ridgley's works. But it seems the demon of destruction was laid, and they all went far down the bay, as stated, from the fears of a french fleet. The guilty are haunted from causeless fear, and there is no peace says my God, for the wicked. They are like the troubled waters, and totter and quake at every rumour, true or false. The loss of the furnace must at this juncture be a great disadvantage to the United States as well as to the proprietor, tho' it is said, as is usual in such contracts, the government had made a considerable advance, and it is more just that the many should experience a loss than an individual be totally ruined. I dont say this will be the case with the venerable Col. I am only sorry for my countrys' sake, that he is at present deprived of the means of furnishing what was a terror to our enemies, his pre-eminent "long toms", the best expounders of *cannon law* with the pious conservators of the genuine orthodox faith.—"THE BULWARKS of OUR RELIGION".

Mr. Kilpatrick states in his note handed in to me, that "after the "enemy landed at Mrs. Sears' wharf, the firing from the barges "having ceased, a Capt. Lawrence who had landed with some ma- "rines in the lower part of the town, walked down to the wharf, "ordering at the same time three of the citizens before him He "then asked where the mayor of the town was, and being inform- "ed there was none, he then enquired for the chief majistrate, "and asked if we were prepared to ransom the town. One of the "citizens enquired of him what sum would he demand? He "answered about $20000. He was told no such sum could be "raised; then he replied, why did your militia fire on us; if that had

" not been done, and on our approach you had hung out a flag you " would have been treated better. He was then asked what was " their intention in coming, and what was to be done had the mili- " tia not fired ? After some hesitation he observed, about one half " of the sum asked would have been taken, and then instantly " turning up from the boats, attend, that in three quarters of an " hour your village shall be in flames. You shall now feel the ef- " fects of war. The aforesaid Capt Lawrence than went into the ta- " vern of Mrs. Sears, and with two or three more brought out a " bundle or box of dry goods which was taken a few paces in " front of the house, at the same time, another officer, (name un- " known) with two other men brought out a second box of goods. " Capt Lawrence then turned round to him and said, Sir, I have " a guard and must proceed to business, we will attend to this, " pointing to the goods, to night. He then walked down town and " went into one of the stores, (Saml. Hoggs & Co.) the door " of which had been previously broken open, and a few of the men " were in the act of taking off some clothing. Others had opened " a desk in search of money, but it was reserved for the redoubta- " ble Capt Lawrence to be the first who entered on the shameful " act of pilfering the goods. He it was who first began to take " down knives, forks &c. &c. &c. saying ha! the very things we " want: then turning round said to a fresh set of THIEVES,—boys! here is fine plunder'!

" Admiral Cockburn, by way of justifying the late destruction, " at this place, stated, to some gentlemen that he should not have " burnt or pillaged the place had not a party of our people fired " on one of his officers who was on horseback and carrying a flag " for the purpose of requesting the inhabitants and others to re- " turn into the town. This is utterly false, the officer in ques- " tion was then in pursuit of those men in arms who had retreated " in the rear of the church. The flag he carried was a *drawn* " *sword*, and a short distance in the rear was a file of marines, " though not sufficiently near our people as to fire with any cer- " tainty. The officer called on the three men will you surrender? " he was answered no; and immediately they fired and wounded " him in the hand."

This narritive is written in the style of Episode, tho' not regu-

lar in its arrangement, yet strictly true as far as truth can be ascertained, as to matters of fact. I here recognize the burning of the place where the arms and powder was deposited. It was formerly a neat and pleasant dwelling, the residence of Gabriel Christie, one of the first settlers in this town, and I believe one of the first houses built. It had greatly gone to ruin. About five and twenty stand of arms were taken and destroyed, with what powder and ball remained in the magazine. The ware house belonging to this estate and near to Mrs. Boyces on the water, was not destroyed, through the influence of that Lady with the Admiral. The British on their way down, paid Sassafras River a visit. Destroyed and burnt most of the best houses in those antient villages. The Messrs. Allens, who kept the Packets were considerable losers. The same fate attended them as attended Havre, and some few families were selected out as works of their vengeance, as was the case of Mr. Joshua Ward, who lived on his farm above the town, and I verily believe his only crime was, that he was a Democrat and a true American. His loss I understand was very great not less than $8000. From my heart I feel for him, he was a worthy benevolent man, with his amiable family who merit the highest attention of their friends and the public in general. It is asserted that Col. Veazy and his little spartan band behaved very gallant on the occasion, and resisted the enemy to the last, with considerable effect. Give us but brave and skilful officers, properly to lead on, and to arrange, and the men will generally fight. The family of Commodore Rodgers experienced a considerable loss also in the burning of the corner brick house, where Alexander Rodgers formerly kept store. In this building was deposited some new furniture belonging to Mr. Goldborough, who was married to one of the young ladies, which was entirely consumed. The loss to this family could not be less than $2000. Mr. George Bartol between the two ferry's had his house and store entirely consumed with the loss of groceries and goods to no small amount, the grand total may be estimated at $2000. Mrs. Miers who also keeps a small grocery, suffered much pillage, and in clothing. Old Mr. Levy tells a humourous anecdote, that while on board the Frigate, he discovered a great strapping fellow, who was supposed to be the steward, with old Mrs. Miers wrap-

per on.—Good morning accosts Levy to him, *Mrs. Landlady*, can you oblige me with a *pint* this morning? The fellow did not seem to like the joke at first, till Levy explained—and assured him, that was the very wrapper belonging to his good old landlady on shore, who had sold him many a pint. The steward got in great good humour, and told the *old case hardened*, as they called Levy, on board, that he would cheerfully oblige him if he could spare it; But he furnished Levy with what is very congenial to his feelings—a strong grog.

In fine there was not man, woman or child, black or white, but what lost something in the general pillage. Some there all. There might be some pilfering by *internal* Enemies, taking advantage of the season; but the blacks in general behaved well. Some exerted themselves greatly to save property. None deserted to the enemy. They know, degraded as their state may be in many instances, it might be worse by joining the Enemy. Dunmores' treatment to them in the revolutionary war is an awful lesson. He seduced thousands of those unfortunate beings to join his standard, under the pretence of Freedom, and then sent and sold them in the West Indies, to ten fold worse task masters and tyrants. May the blacks at this critical period consult their own best interests, be faithful to their employers or masters, and in case of conflagration be the *first* to extinguish, and the *last* to plunder.

Respecting the state of war in general. Peace is far preferable, if it can be obtained upon honorable terms If war is ever justifiable, it must be in the cause of humanity, and certainly our seamen's rights is that cause. That admitted, we will not continue the war. We have more territory now than we know what to do with. A little farm well cultivated, is preferable to hundreds of acres in the wild wilderness. But such is the nature of man, that when he ought to be most happy, he is the least so. Possession is the goal of felicity to all sublunary objects. To occupy, is to become only miserable, and as soon as we obtain, the heart sickens and we begin to paut after *new* aquirements. The great people at Washington are not more happy than we at Havre-de-grace. We have had our day of trial, theirs may be yet to come. Happiness does not consist in splendid levees and great equipage and

knew, but in the consciousness of having discharged our duty as rational beings; and then, and then only, follows that peace of mind, which exceeds all other degrees of felicity. Happiness is seated in the mind, and not in external objects. This the statesman and the courtier find, after all the mighty bustle of words or subtile intrigue. Certainly America is great in resources, and may become great in war; but intended by Providence the asylum for the poor and the oppressed of all sections of the globe. Washington, like another Joshua, was both a soldier and a saint; a soldier, equally brave and successful; a saint, distinguished by the testimony of God himself: I wish we now could behold his like. There are certainly many great and good men in the states; and, perhaps, in embryo, many Washingtons. He was a chosen vessel. He carried us through a long and trying war, raised us to peace and Independence, and his last great legacy and blessing was *union*. But O! how sadly are we divided, even in a state of war, when all ought to be *united*. Can we expect with this spirit to conquer! Our little navy, it is true, have wrought wonders in the mighty deep, and many of our gallant soldiers died valiantly in the field: but our loss is pre-eminently great in the fall of the gallant Pike, a man of high promise and valourous deeds. The dynasty of America must be improved. Genius and intellect germ in every soil. We must select merit, without respect to minor considerations, wherever it presents. It appears to have began to decline in the latter days of the illustrious Washington; circumscribed, through party spirit, in the time of the venerable Jefferson; and paralized by faction, with his amiable successor, Madison. All may be lost, unless we harmonize and properly organize. The peace makers, when arrived in Europe, may not be adequate to the state of the world; and then what is to become of us, as a people, without union! Are we to suffer in all places, like unto Havre-de-grace and other towns? To be burnt up and pillaged without efficient means! "I do speak that which I know, and testify that which I have seen."

Apostrophe certainly is a great relief to the mind, in the dull detail of narration, and cannot be displeasing to the reader, as it affords him that variety which is ever pleasing to all. It appears, that after the prisoners were sent on board the ships of war, a flag

the next day proceeded down the bay. It was composed of Mr. Jarret and Mr. Dutton, accompanied by Miss O'Neill and Miss Oliver, from George Town, who had lost considerable property. The flag was received with much attention, and every refreshment and comfort offered by the officers. The principal object was to obtain a release of the prisoners. Night coming on, they continued on board till the next day. Mr. Jarret was accommodated with a decent birth to lodge in, and Mr. White, master carpenter, gave up his room to the females; where also lodged for prudential motives, Mr. O'Neill, the father of Miss O'Neill, who was prisoner, and Mr. Dutton. The door was protected with sufficient security. Fortunately the mission proved propitious; the prisoners obtained release, and Miss Oliver some part of her effects, though she was still considerable loser by the untoward circumstance of being at Havre-de-Grace at this unfortunate period. Suspicions arise, from circumstances, that the British must have been informed of the situation of Havre-de-Grace, previous to the attack, and of certain characters. They enquired for several by name; for Mr. Jay, Tucker, and where O'Neil's house was. A Mr. King, who came from Baltimore to fish, as Mr. O'Neil since informs me, imprudently said he would shew them, and also the place of deposit for the arms and ammunition. Besides this, they went into the house of a poor woman, who was sick in bed. They ordered her up, but she alledged she could not rise, and produced an infant, which indicated a new birth, they took hold of the four corners of the bed and carried her to another house, saying, this house we give you, but the other you left, we are determined to burn, which they actually did. This information I have from several credible witnesses.

Among other conflagrations, the enemy burnt what was called, "The Company's buildings," a row of houses inhabited principally by poor people; loss estimated at $1200. They set fire to Mrs. Burk's dwelling, a small tavern adapted to poor travellers, and pillaged considerably, the house was saved. Also to Mr. Goldsborough's newly purchased house they set fire, but it was extinguished by himself. They mutilated the front wall by a cannon ball, and did other mischief. They fired the house of Mr. Dunn, coach-maker, but it was fortunately put out, this they pillaged, and

bore off an elegant new carriage, intended for Mr. John Stump. They said they took it as a present to the lady of admiral Warren. Stolen goods could not be acceptable to any person of character, therefore, a mere plea for robbery. Mr. Foreman, coach-maker, escaped conflagration, though he was much pillaged. Mr. Dutton. the post-master, I am glad to find was little or no sufferer; his sister, Mrs. Sears, however, lost sufficient for all the family. Mr. Wm Cole's mansion was fired, but extinguished. Friend Cole stuck to them, and swore they should not burn his house; but they purloined and pillaged. The CHURCH where they drew up their main body did not escape devastation. Truly may it be said, "My house is a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of THEIVES." They burst the doors, broke the windows and sash, entered and beat the drum. One would supposed, in many accounts they would have shown some respect to this building, as it was called after their own name generally, "The English Church," It contained occasionly. perhaps, some of their friends; and especially as they are held to be "the *Bulwarks of our Holy Religion.*" But it seems all sense of shame was lost, and every spark of grace was removed. Plunder and devastation was the *order of the day*, and like faitful militants, they were determined not to depart from order, at least in doing EVIL! The damage done to the Church is estimated at $80. The amount of dwelling houses burnt in Havre-de-Grace, is upon calculation found to be TWENTY.—Also ONE ware-house and TWENTY out-houses, including stables. The whole amount in property lost in every direction, estimated by the committe at $50000. The chief of my information is derived from this source, and my statement generally will be found to be correct, as I write upon the best authority that could be obtained, and have subcribed no material relation to doubt or conjecture, or *hearsay* testimony. The commander in cheif of the Brigade which forms the Regiments of Cecil and Harford being in town on military business, I avail myself of his invitation, to obtain correct information of the disasters in Cecil and Kent; and though I have already slightly touched on those subjects yet a more correct and fuller representation is thought seasonable at this time, and is incorporated in this narration. I must be affected at the ruins of Frederick and George Town. In this last place, my Fa-

ther once lived. Here it was I received a smattering in the elements of literature, previous to my going to England in the year 1760 My father's seat is two miles up the river, still possessed by my relations; but all the old stock, except myself, are gone. I often think of the words of Elijah, under the juniper tree, "I only am left alone, Lord! let me die, for I am not better than my fathers." My shadow has been preserved longer than any of them, but I have, years ago, found with the wise man, "that man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain—or who can tell what is good for man in this life, all the days of his vain life, which he here spendeth as a shadow." I must be doing all the little good I can in my short and uncertain stay, before I am called to enter on the great journey of eternity!—A time for ever beginning, only to begin, but never drawing to an end! awful mysterious thought! mighty imagination! and must test the courage of us all! "But man goeth to his long home, and mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return to God, who gave it: and the hoary head shall receive a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." My life, from my youth up, has been marvellously mixed with vicissitude. In my latter days, my heart has been filled with sorrow and disquietude. My children, once my only comfort, are all gone and left me; some from necessity, others from the persuasion of others. I was like unto Job, till the cruel spoiler stepped in and *sowed tares;* and all too, because of the mammon of unrighteousness: but I bow and kiss the rod with submission; knowing that a righteous God will bring to light the hidden things of *darkness*, and finally render to *all* their just remuneration of reward, whether it be *good* or whether it be *evil*.

Mr. Mansfield's statement who is collector of the Port of Havre de Grace.

Shortly after the British had taken possession of this place, on Monday the 3rd of May last and I had returned down town, I was standing in my door with my son—when a Mr. Jarvis

(Portrait Painter) came into my front porch; after a little conversation as to this extraordinary conduct, the evening before, we all three occasionally used my spy glass viewing the enemy, as they came up the river, they keeping up a continual firing on the town, 2 or 3 of the barges made into land at Mrs. Sears' wharf. Immediately upon their landing, they man'd a 24 pounder and launched it on board of a ferry boat, then lying at the wharf, and moved it off which in a very short time began to sink—about this time, Mr. Jarvis went down upon the end of the wharf, and stood alone: whether he hail'd, or waved a Handkerchief to them, I cannot say;—but, Immediately two or three barges moved up towards my wharf, upon which, I observed to my son, that we would go down. When one of the barges struck the wharf, one of the men whom I took to be a Midshipman jumped on the wharf, and ran to my large ferry boat, and cried out there is nothing in her, upon which he cast the boat off; and was joined by some more of the party—I then observed an english officer, mounted on horseback accompanied by several on foot—coming up thro' the town to my house, upon which I immediately returned up to the house and got there before the enemy. Instantly upon this an officer whose name I found was Lieut *Westfall*, and the men which accompanied him arriving, he directed my house to be set on, fire. A Mr. King a citizen of Baltimore, and who was fishing in this place, and who came with them, interceeded with me to save the property generally, but very soon found all Intercession for the house was needless; he swearing it should be burnt. We then turned our attention to saving the moveable property, which was very considerable, and to me was my *all*. His reply was "all should be burnt; and the whole town laid in ashes." Mr. King continued his intercessions—and we jointly beged for *one house* to secure what furniture we could. During that time *Westfall's* reply was, after repeating the word one hour! swore by his maker, I should not have *five minutes*, and gave his order to his *Blood Hounds*, instantly to fire the houses, which they soon did by breaking open the bar door, and destroying bottles containing liquor, throwing the contents on the floor, and then setting fire to the window curtains, (which were calico,) and thereby communicating to the liquor on the floor, which, in a very short time

set that part of the house in a blaze—by this time a number of their men had collected, and were plundering and carrying off, breaking and destroying every thing before them. After repeated solicitations on the part of Mr. King and myself, the famous *Westfall* permitted me to save what I could from the all-devouring flames; saying, what I could save should not be taken or destroyed; upon which, Mr. King, my son, and myself made use of every exertion to save what we could. My own attention was immediately turned to saving my beds and bedding. I immediately ran up stairs, and threw out of the windows all the beds with the cloaths belonging to them, to the amount of about twenty, which were on the second floor. I then turned my attention to tables, chairs, and looking-glasses, and succeeded in securing a considerable number, but when these very *humane British*, "the Bulwark of our Holy Religion," found that the fire had taken effect and destroyed all within, they then turned their attention towards compleating their work by taking away and destroying what little I had saved. They carried off my beds and furniture; broke open my trunks and desks; ript the beds and threw the feathers to the air, and carried off the ticks; and with their swords cut my chairs and desks to pieces.

I was then advised by some of my friends to apply to some officers, and state to them, that the officer *Westfall* had promised that nothing which I could save should be disturbed, probably I might recover some articles. Upon which, I made an application, and received an order to go to the barges and take out what was mine. Upon which, Mr. M'Kinney and myself, went on board a barge, and obtained some few articles, among which was a looking glass, the property of my mother; but received such abuse and threats, that I concluded it most prudent to return. I then applied to *Admiral Cockburn*, who most undeniably was there in person, nothwithstanding the many assertions to the contrary; made by persons tenacious of British honor and glory; and who came to have the pleasure of feasting his eyes, on the flames of Havre-de-Grace. He gave me further permission to get from the barges what I could find; but the order was given in such a way, that I was not able to get but a very few articles. Among which was another glass the property of my mother, and a few bed-

cloaths—for whilst I was in the act of searching for my goods, and claiming those I knew, an officer of marines threatened to run me through with his sword for contradicting him respecting my own goods. The foregoing I declare to be correct, as to the general outlines of their conduct, which came under my eye. The many little minutia I cannot recollect.

R. MANSFIELD.

Havre de Grace, June 1st. 1813.

To deal out destruction plentifully the enemy fired from eighteen pound balls down to two pounders. They had canister, langrage, chain and grape-shot, shells and rockets, and two implements of their Allies' warfare, *(Tomahawks)* were found, tho' no savages in dress, it is true, were discovered, but something a little like it in conduct. A Mrs. Moore wife of Wm. Moore who tends at the Ferry, told me that they stripped from her shoulders a large silk shawl, took her childrens clothing and an infants clouts and belly bands—Her linen prepared for the wash, but no matter, it was plunder; and swill of any sort suits swine of this order. Mr. M'Kinney lost a house where resided a Mr. Harwood, who lost his all in the conflagration. M'Kinney's loss is estimated at $300, and his eldest son John, lost his watch and about $26. Mr. O'Brian, Schoolmaster, had his house fired, but it was extinguished. They abused his school room, but he escaped plunder.

The following statement is from the undersigned.

We deem it a duty, we owe Mr. Goldsborough as he was the only officer at the Fort during the action, to state, that Mr. Goldsborough never deserted his post till resistance, with the few men became useless, and that even after, Mr. G. was seen by us attempting to rally the militia, and endeavouring to get them to stand.

Signed.

JOHN O,NEIL.
WM. LEVY.
JOHN P. WHITAKER.

Havre de Grace,
May 7th, 1813.

N. B. The cartel which came up to Havre de Grace a few days previous to the attack, with prisoners on parole was not fired on, as has been falsely circulated. On their approach to the battery Lieut. Goldsborough, ordered the sentry to fire a musket in the air, to let the vessel know, that the place was in a state of war, and to bring the vessel to, which she complied with. But not the smallest intention of injury was intended or offered.

For the honour of humanity, notwithstanding the rapacious disposition of the enemy generally, there appeared a few individuals who evidenced some principle and liberality. One, at Miss M'Caskey's, expressed great nobleness. It seems this lady had received the admirals promise of safety, but some ruffians rushed in, notwithstanding, to plunder; and the soldier alluded to exclaimed come out boys! for shame! and dont plunder this poor woman, she has, I tell you, the admirals' protection; you shall not do it; from which they desisted and came out. Turning round, he said—"I am an englishman it is true, this is a dark day, and I am sorry for what is doing!"—another instance—when Mr. Kilpatrick was going off, from his store, with his small trunk of clothing, by permission of the officer; he was stopped and abused by several; when one honest heart exclaimed—"let him go on peacably—poor fellow! I dare say that is all, they have left him." The enemy were plundering his store at the same time. I wish more instances of this kind would present themselves. It is a nobleness of character that does honour to man, friend or foe. If meritorious in the private, it can not be less so in the officer, but so tempting is the object of gain, that we, too frequently forego every other consideration to obtain it, and therfore justly it is said, that money, or the immediate love of possession is the root of all evil! The *meum* and *tuum*, the *ins* and the *outs* are the *focus* of this worlds great stir, and the bane and the bar to every thing that is praise worthy, patriotic, and virtuous among the children of mortality!

On returning to my lodging, and passing by Mr. Cornelius M'Caskey's, the old man requested I would walk into his house, when he began to relate his sorrowful tale, and shewed me much wanton proofs of destruction. He is poor, it is true, but then, his sufferings were equal, in effect, and rendered more so

than to the wealthy. The enemy stripped him almost of every thing that was portable. His clothing and bedding, broke tables and glasses, and mutilated, what they did not take away; bore off two guns, many of his tools, and all his wife's clothing. They left him not a knife or a fork, and he plead hard for one old knife, which after breaking the handle, they threw it at him; which so exasperated the old man, that he jumped to his hatchet and was determined to kill the fellow, but he seized the old man and bore of the weapon. There is a spirit in man, at times, above the fears of death and every consideration; and this was the state of this poor old man, driven to destraction by this ferocious banditti. They abused and maltreated M'Caskey beyond credibility; and to shew their contempt, broke a parcel of eggs, and smeared over the room.—Also Mr. Kilpatrick, while they were plundering his store, calling him "Yankee Rascal;" he had spirit enough however in the midst of his enemies, to tell them that he gloried in the name of "Yankee" and that, tho' they were taking his all, yet, while he could raise a five penny bit, half of it should go to the support of so just a war; and that the day of retaliation might yet arrive; Here, they ordered him out, when he asked for his small trunk of clothing as here tofore mentioned, and the treatment he experienced on this occasion.

It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of ferocious men. David, when he had the three things offered him, for sinning against his God, viz. Seven years of famine, three months to flee before his enemies, or three days pestilence, replied to the Seer Dan, let us not fall into the hands of man, but in the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great! and he built an altar where the pestilence was staid? may the inhabitants of Havre de Grace profit by this example, and open their sanctuary for the everlasting gospel to be freely preached

Having reached my destined place of appointment, I proceeded to Frederick Town, and met with Captain John Allen, who was so obliging as to furnish me with the following particulars relative to the distressing scenes in this quarter.

"On the sixth of May, between seven and eight o'clock, A. M. the British made their appearance at this place, and soon after commenced the attack. When they landed and marched into the

town, the admiral met me in my brother's house yard, and exclaimed—Who the damnation are those that have kept such a damned firing upon me, are they regulars? No sir; they are the militia. Where are they gone? I dont know sir. Where are all the men of your town? Moving out sir. The admiral then said, I sent you word, that if you would not fire upon me, I would not destroy any property. Looking round to a black, he uttered, you are the person I sent word by. The boy denied it. It appears to have been another negro. He then observed, Had you not fired, and I had taken any thing away, I would have paid for the same; but now, damn you, I will pay you in your own coin. Go on, my boys, knock down, burn, and destroy. Accordingly they commenced the destruction of the town. The first house they set on fire was the carriage house, stable, and my carriage also was burnt; next my dwelling house, the kitchen, and all the furniture of both. The inside works of the clock they took on board the barge. Then my meat house, small granary, boat and fish houses, containing fifty barrels of salt-fish; all my bacon, and one year's provision. Also the dwelling of my sister, and her furniture; and the clothing of us both, in every respect, but what we had on. My family Bible and the life of Washington were taken away. Then the store was robbed of about $1200, in groceries; the heads of the liquor casks stove in, and mixed with molasses; a large granary, belonging to the packet business of John and James Allen, containing upwards of one hundred barrels of sugar, sundry casks of nails and boxes, from ten to fifteen barrels of pearl ash, four or five bales of hops, sundry bolts of linen, four or five trunks of dry goods, two large casks of tobacco, two suits of sails, and sundry other articles, not recollected. Mrs. James Allen, who had just lain in, was nearly, with her infant, being burnt; but finally saved, through the entreaties of Mrs. M'Donough, her mother. The admiral's first declaration was. damn ye, move her out, but was softened by the entreaties of the parent. He then bid his men to spare her life, but destroy all the adjoining buildings; which they did, and plundering all the meat and other articles, wearing apparel, and what ever could be found. The admiral, riding up again, addressing himself to his officers, replies, I think this looks pretty well, this will do; the town being gen-

erally on fire! Then looking round to me, said, How do you like the war now? I replied, sir, I have not been the advocate for war, but admit that I was, it is not reasonable to suppose that I should like it now since all my property is destroyed; and which was got by many long years of hard labour, by the bay and coasting trade; and then requested him only to spare me the store, to try to get a living by, till it should please Providence to bring peace about between the two nations; he observed, damn you, get me so much poultry of such description. I observed, sir, I have them not. His answer was given with a damn, cant you get them? and I answered in the negative. But immediately afterwards, the house was set in flames. The commanding officer then asked for a crust of bread, I told him I would go and see. I got four or five biscuits and two small slices of cheese. He took part with another officer. I then thought I might ask a favour, which was, pray sir, discharge my brother you have a prisoner in the barge, before you leave the waters of Sassafras river, that we may be left together to try to get another small living, till peace is restored. He is the only support of his little family; we are now made poor indeed! and if taken away his family must come to want: only grant me this, and I shall feel a small relief in mind. Immediately I saw an officer ride down to the barge where my brother was on board, and then saw a man jump overboard to his waste, take my brother on his back, and land him on the beach. He immediately returned. The commanding officer, observed to him, damn you, it is not for your sake I discharge you, but for your family. To which, Mr. James Allen replied, sir, I am obliged to you for that. It is here worthy of observation, when the commander first saw Mr. James Allen, he asked, sir, who are you? to which he replied, A MAN SIR, damn you; says the admiral, did you suppose I took you for a woman: and instantly his orders were: Take that fellow on board; the guard seizing him by the breast, carried him off. Total loss of the Messrs. Allens, $8000."

Mr. Greenwood's house was the next burnt, lost most of his groceries and was much abused; total loss. $2000. The next Mr. Richard Barnaby, his house was not burnt, but shamefully abused and plundered, and he was set to catch chickens for the admiral.

John Barnaby's two houses, both dwellings, burnt, no plunder, except in the one Mr. Wamsly lived in. Mrs. Ann Moore both burnt and plundered Mr. Chandler's ware-house burnt and plundered; he was also set to catch chickens, which was the means of saving his house. Betsy M'Clannon's house burnt. Joseph Jarvis's house burnt. James Mitchel's house burnt, and some of his property destroyed. Barny O'Neil's burnt and plundered. Moses Wilson's house burnt, coloured man. Perry Vollow's house plundered, of $20, in cash, tools, and all his clothing, man of colour. Four schooners burnt, three belonging to poor men in Dorset county, the large one, New England built, owner not known.

After the destructior of Frederick, the enemy went over to George Town, and burnt the following buildings. Philip Rasin's small log house, containing some trifling property. Next Mis Ann Pierces' burnt. Mr. Bagwell's shoe-maker's shop, tools, and stock burnt. Francis O'Neil's dwelling house burnt. Negro Step's house burnt. Robert Elliot's house burnt. Mary Henry's store-house do. Mrs. Mary Everet's carriage house do. Widow Percies' house plundered and furniture destroyed. Wm. Ireland's house burnt. Widow Down's, coloured woman, house burnt. Widow Susan Wilson's house burnt. Jacob Road, coloured man, house burnt. Tavern house, Mr. Hasleton's, burnt, and part of his furniture. Mr. Dun Levy's house, where Col. Spencer formerly resided, burnt, with loss of furniture. Arthur Nicholsons's, taylor, house do. Widow Isabella Freeman's house do. The store house, belonging to Mr. Jackson, and also his dwelling house and granary burnt. Wm. Abbot's house do, Wm. Knight's house do. Most of the inhabitants had previously left George Town and moved off their furniture. Total loss estimated at these towns, amount to $27430.

It is here worthy of remark, that they so far descended in petty pilfering as to rob the black ferry man FRIDAY, of his all and his pig, which lived with him in his hut. They took from the ears of Mrs. Williamson, who lives at the mill, her earings. In going up the river, the enemy stop'd at Turner's creek, in Sassafras, and forced off a Mr. Stavely as their pilot. On their return, contiguous to this spot, they stoped and plundered Mr. Meek's—his wife of several gowns, and other articles.

It appears that the British went no farther into the country on the Kent-side than Mr. James Pearce's, about a short half mile down the river where they did no damage except pilfering a little, and bore off some spoons. They were apprehensive of the dragoons, as called by them, which occasioned their retreat, and they soon after this got on board their boats. I understand they did not come to George Town with more than 4 boats, the principal number being left on the Cecil shore. This might have proceeded from the small resistence in Kent. It is true, a considerable force was collected; but having no cannon, and badly armed with musketry, and not within reach of the enemy, at the point where the enemy passed, and where a small breast work was thrown up, no opposition from them was afterwards made; so that the hasty departure of the enemy was through fear of the horse; some of whom were seen at a distance, by the invaders. The militia, as Dr, Maxwell informed me, retired towards his house. The following is the statement of a gentleman who was in the battle, and whose veracity can be relied on.

" After they had conflagrated most of the houses in Federick Town, several parties proceeded up the main road leading to Cecil cross roads to satiate their thirst for destruction upon the defenceless inhabitants of the neighbouring farm houses.—The first house they came to was Mr. Moses Cannons, they did not burn it but that was all, every particle of his furniture was taken away or destroyed, and not a door or window left standing.

The farm house occupied by Mr. J. Robinson which they supposed, belonged to Mr. Joshua Ward, but the property of one of the same name, equally as distant as Mr. W's house they visited, and after doing a great deal of mischief had resolved not to burn it, but some of the men discovering a hat with an Eagle attached to it swore the house must belong to a damn'd Democrat, and burn it, they would, which was quickly executed.

A party went to Mr. Joshua Wards house who the admiral said he was very anxious to apprehend (and orders were given for the destroying of his house) saying they would have him if in the house dead or a live, calling him a dam'd Democratic rascal; they searched every corner and closet diligently, but not finding him, placed several parcels of gun powder in the house which

was quickly destroyed, after taking off and breaking up the furniture, no part of which had been removed, all the clothing belonging to Mr. Ward, and a large family, deprived of all except what they had on. Mr. Ward's house must be at least one mile from the village of Federick Town.

At Mr. P. Ward's house which must be a mile and half from Frederick Town they behaved with great rudeness; giving Mr. W. and his wife much abusive language, and was with difficulty prevailed on to spare his house; and was taking away his bacon, but getting the alarm of the approach of some militia induced them to relinquish the greater part of the meat and escape to their boats.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

I SEND you a statement that I think can be relied on, of the unfortunate affair which took place at Frederick Town on the morning of the 6th inst. between a small party of militia, of about 90 men, under the command of Col. T. W. Veasey, and a British force, under the command of Admiral Cockburn, of 15 large barges, and 3 smaller boats, which at a low estimate, must have amounted to at least 500 men. The alarm had been given on the 5th, by the enemy concentrating their squadron off the mouth of the Sassafras, after the depredations they had committed on the peaceable inhabitants of Havre-de-Grace, &c. It was presumed their intention was also to destroy Frederick Town. Exertions were made to collect the militia, but in spite of every effort, not more than the above small number could be collected, and not more than one third of them properly armed with muskets, or ammunition; the residue having only their common fowling pieces. A small breastwork was thrown up, upon which was mounted one 6 pounder, with only two rounds of cartridge. The men were under arms by 4 o'clock in the morning. At about 40 minutes after 5, the signal was made four miles down the river, that the enemy was approaching; by 6 they could be seen but did not get within reach of the 6 pounder until near 7. It was then fired, but without effect, and was not made use of afterwards. The enemy still approaching gave three cheers, which was returned by the militia, and directly after, a volley from their small arms. The fire was

immediately returned by the enemy, by a general discharge of grape, cannister, slugs, rockets, and musketry, which made such a terrible noise, that one half of the men shamefully ran, and could not be rallied again, whether it was from their political aversion to the present war, their dislike of shedding blood, or actually thro' fear, I cannot determine; but so it was, that not more than one half of the orignial number remained, to contend against the whole force of the enemy This gallant little band resisted for near half an hour, in spite of the incessant fire of the enemy, until they were in danger of being surrounded, when they retreated in safety with the loss of but one man wounded —The enemy threw several rockets in the village, and reduced the whole place to ashes, except two or three houses, saved by the entreaties of the women. Not satisfied with this destruction, they extended their ravages to the neighbouring farm-houses, several of which were burned quite down. Mr. Joshua Ward's house was consumed with all his furniture and wearing apparel, belonging to himself and a large family. They went toMr. P. Ward's, treated him and his family with great rudeness, threatened to burn his house down, but they did not accomplish it though they broke open his smoke house, and were carrying off his hams and best bacon, when some person gave the alarm that the militia were coming, which induced them to relinquish nearly all the meat, and escape to their boats. Col Veazy deserves much praise for the brave exertions he made, to encourage and support his little band, and Admiral Cockburn acknowledged it was the only opposition he had met with, and said they behaved more like regulars, than militia men. The loss of the enemy cannot be exactly known. They acknowledge to have had four wounded, one of them a principal officer, badly. By the reports of several persons, who were detained for some time, on board of their barges, they must have had ten or fifteen killed and wounded, as many bodies were seen wrapped up in blankets and sail cloth, in the bottom of their boats. We have information of four men who deserted from them, that several of their barges carrid 24lb carronades. Chain shot, and pieces of iron of various shapes, have been picked up, as well as several rockets, and a great deal of other kinds of shot. They say they had expended all their ammunition to two or three rounds.

George Town, on the other side of the river, has experienced the same fate, but three or four houses escaped the conflagration.

N. B. Just before the action commenced, *two negro men* were sent up to Col. Veazey, by Admiral Cockburn, with a verbal message: That if the militia would not fire on him, he would not burn any thing but the store-houses and the vessels. Some people have said, that Admiral Cockburn complained much of Col. Veazey firing upon his *flag of truce*. Can such a message, sent by *two negroes* be constituted a flag of truce? or can the noble Admiral imagine the people of Sassafras were so ignorant as not to discriminate his flag attached to the stern of his barge, which was in the *centre and rear* of a *formidable armed force*, from a flag of truce?

A LIST OF THOSE WHO RESISTED AT THE ENEMIES LANDING.

SAMUEL WROTH.
D. F. HEATH.
MOSES CANNON.
NICHOLAS FRANKS.
JOHN W. ETHERINGTON.
JOSHUA WARD.
DORMER OAKES.
JOHN ETHERINGTON.
JOHN V. PRICE.
ELIAS SEE.
JOHN T. VEAZY.
DAVID PAGET.
TYLUS ROBINSON.
P. BIDDLE.
JAMES DARLEY.
JAMES CLAYTON.
R. C. LUSBY, (Segt.)
JOHN HENDERSON, (Lieut.)
JAMES ALLEN, Capt.
JOHN DUFFY,*
SAMUEL P. PENNINGTON.
H. E. COALMAN, (Segt. mate)
SAMUEL DIXON.
WILLIAM ROBERTS.
FRANCIS ROCH.
WILLIAM MACKEY.
GEORGE STANLY.
WILLIAM FORD.
JAMES COUNCIL.
JOS. GREENWOOD.
JOSHUA HOVINGTON.
JOSEPH DAVIS, (of Morris.)
JOSEPH ETHERINGTON.
EDWARD LISTER.
——— REYNOLDS.

* Was wounded in the neck, but since recovered.

From all that has been collected in this narrative, and which appear to be the material documents of well authenticated testimony, the conduct of the British has, in general, been shameful and derogatory to the character of a great nation. The mean arts and little tricks practised must be observed with destestation, and their wanton abuse in the destruction of property, and the base treatment to many citizens, cannot be justified by any. It appears from the history of nations, on their declension, lost to principle and noble deeds that they finally disregard all morality, and are entirely governed by power, and this sort of lust in devastation. It was so with the antient Romans and Carthagenians, and almost all other nations in their down-fall, who have departed from national honour and the rules of civilized men. They become as ferocious as the savages of the wilderness, wholly devoid of all kind of principle as well as humanity. From a thirst of gain, and enriching themselves, they pay no respect to persons or property, but conceiving all alike, fair game, they sweep all alike before them; whenever the strong arm of force, enables them to do it. It is unfortunate for the sufferers in this general mode of destruction; but such a conduct must finally operate against the enemy, as it renders them more odious, and consequently, unites every where the oppressed citizens. It must ever be the case, and though distressful in the extreme, for the present, such a mode of warfare operates as a stimulant to the oppressed, but in the end to the final destruction and extermination of the invaders. The world for ages past has been kept in wars by this nation, I mean the British, and this entirely owing to her superior marine force. This strong arm leads her to unjustifiable enterprize and conquest. It was the case in India and elsewhere, and will for ever be the case while she possesses this power, and its consequent, the lust of aggrandizement. The immoderate thirst of gain leads to every thing that is base, as well among nations as individuals. This appetite for possession when once it has obtained the ascendency over the mind, has no bounds, and goes on from one vile pursuit to another, till every thing else is absorbed in the desire of acquisition. Man becomes infuriated, and goes forth with the worst of passions against his fellow-man, and plunders all before him, without any remorse of conscience. But the day of re-

tribution will come, when nations will see their folly, and feel the just effects of all their evil doings, by the ultimate decrees of a righteous God; for as every crime carries along with it, its own chastisement, so in the end, must it ensue with guilty nations. We live in awful times, when something more is to be effected than the fall of empires. Doubtless, the issue will be favourable to man, but the intermediate sufferings are great indeed! It is the time of deep affliction to a guilty world, but not without a just cause in the eyes of an impartial and sovereign Ruler. His ways are not as ours, but his going forth is manifest in every quarter. We are commanded to resist evil, and to do what we can to stop the progress of the destroyer. This only can be done, but arising in the majesty of our strength and union, and with divine approbation, we may yet be happy, as well as every where victorious. It is our duty, as well as our interest, to bring the war to an honourable conclusion, as soon as possible; and this only can be done by union. It is impossible for the short ken of mortals to look into the ways and plans of an alwise Providence, but as far as it is lawful to anticipate, we have every cause to hope, that we shall not be given over as a prey to the teeth of our enemies; that, notwithstanding we may expect many sharp conflicts, and hard sufferings, we finally shall come off victorious; believing, that so fine a land must have been reserved as a resting place for the afflicted of every clime, as a place where LIBERTY and LIGHT may safely dwell, from the distractions and strife of the old world; and where, neither PRIESTS and KINGS will be permitted again to keep in bondage either the mind or the bodies of their fellow men; but where, ALL will be so free, as to act as rational agents, in the pursuit of happiness, and adore the great Creator in that way which he has pointed out, "when he shall be king over all the earth, and that, as there is but ONE LORD so shall his name also be ONE," and known and declared as such to the generations to come.

We sincerely pray for a consummation of the promises made by the great creator to his intelligent beings; that these may be the last sufferings that may occur, and that, the blessed period may arrive, if not in our day, to our childrens children at least, that wars may be no more; and the government of the wolrd be under the

direction of JUSTICE, TRUTH and RIGHTOUSNESS, and the kingdom of the redeemer set up, in every heart; and all the world, every where, be HAPPY and FREE!

But while we are recording these momentous truths—what shall we think of native born citizens, calling themselves Americans, by every vile Stratagem, aiding and abetting this wanton and relentless enemy, and at the same time reviling their own government? Do you want proof? Hear their open conversation, and read through *their Gazettes* their public Declarations. The relation of a Mrs. Sullivan will prove a "*true bill*;" and the testimony of Christopher Levy, of what he heard and saw, while a Prisoner, on board the fleet, will confirm it. The conversation of the British Doctor with Robert Holliday, when he fell, will confirm also,—that we have *spies* passing in our country; and the open wish of a *gentleman*, at a public table,—"that he hoped to have the *pleasure* of seeing the British fleet off Havre de Grace" previous to its arrival, is abundantly confirmative,—that we have *traitors within*, and especially, when the British landed on the *same side*, and paid the *same gentleman* a friendly visit, and refreshment being introduced—the British Officers' toast was DAMNATION TO MADISON!—Amen! immediately responses the clerk *our amiable gentleman!*—"O Tempora! O Mores! O Shame where is thy blush! O Hemp! when wilt thou *exalt* thy worthies!

Being an eye witness to many scenes of sorrow and tales of woe, I certainly am competent, upon the best testimony, to be the bearer of these melancholy truths, and I shall deem all my trouble of little consideration, provided, I may be the organ of doing good. It appears but reasonable, that "*ways* and *means*" should be devised for the remuneration of the sufferers. They are our Brethren; wheresoever dispersed, or howsoever distressed. They belong to the great family of the Republic. It is our duty then to be ready to alleviate their distresses; and as the great council of the nation is now sitting, doubtless, they will not, pass over in silence so weighty concerns. I humbly conceive, it is of national consideration. Every Citizen, I am persuaded will generously come forth. It will not exceed twenty-five cents to each taxable,

to remunerate the *whole* losses, in every quarter. Philanthropy calls upon us to do it. Policy calls upon us to do it, and our holy religion calls upon us in the most pressing manner to do it. "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me; naked and ye clothed me, hungry and a thirst, and ye gave me meat and drink.—In as much then as ye have done it to *the least*, ye have done it unto ME!" says the Redeemer of the world! It would be superfluous in me to add more!

THE END.

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